

## The Evening World

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## THE STRAIGHT PATH IN MEXICO.

TO THE question "Is Progress Being Made in Drawing Closer the Peoples of Latin America and of the United States?" speakers at a Republican Club meeting in this city responded with hopeful affirmatives.

Declaring that after the war the centre of finance of the world "will shift from the banks of the Thames to the banks of the Hudson," former United States Senator Theodore E. Burton added:

"All the countries of the New World must meet the new conditions with a spirit of co-operation and good will. We should establish regular sailings to carry mail and freight on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. We should enter South America with the same detail and energy that American manufacturers have shown at home. We welcome the nations of Latin America to the council tables of nations; we are assured that they, with us, will occupy a new and very enlarging position in the world's progress."

Pan-American compliments of this sort are always pleasant. Actions, however, are more convincing.

At this moment Latin American republics are narrowing their gaze in an effort to guess exactly what we are going to do in Mexico. Let us not forget that.

The pursuit of Villa by United States troops through Mexican territory is a delicate matter not only because of Mexican public opinion and the character of the Carranza Government, but also because every South American republic stands ready to judge or misjudge us if we give so much as a finger's breadth of ground for the old suspicion that we long to rule this hemisphere.

This is another strong reason for heeding the President's warning to all parties and persons to avoid "traffic in falsehood" regarding the situation in Mexico. To foment misunderstanding between the Government of the United States and the de facto Government of Mexico, in order to raise the cry of intervention, is not only seriously to complicate our task there, but, more than that, to risk losing the hard won confidence of every watchful neighbor further south.

The pursuit of Villa must be conducted to the end as a simple punitive expedition without ulterior motive. It must be made plain that the President, the Congress and the people of the United States regard it as nothing more. Otherwise Pan-American civilities might as well cease.

"There will be neither victors nor vanquished in this war. We cannot bring our enemies to their knees any more than they can Germany. Europe is steering in the direction of utter impoverishment and bankruptcy. What sense is there in a continuation of the war?"

The Reichstag shouted down the member who asked this question. But nobody scored a knockout on the question itself.

## UNPREPARED.

THE freight tie-up on railroads in this part of the country seems to have reached a point where nobody is big enough to tackle it.

The most that railroad representatives and merchants' committees can suggest is more embargoes and further restrictions on the shipper.

Three months ago The Evening World expressed the fear that the railroads were utterly unprepared for prosperity. For the past year or two they have been so busy impressing the country with their grievances that now, amid a tremendous rush of profitable traffic, they find themselves bewildered, paralyzed, their freight yards choked, their lines tangled—through sheer lack of practical planning and preparedness.

For eighteen months they have had every chance to calculate the effects of the war upon Atlantic shipping. They have seen industry after industry taking on new life. They have seen mills and factories running night and day. They have known that sooner or later huge quantities of goods would have to be moved. Terminal conditions in this city and at other points have been no secret. Facilities for handling freight at piers and railroad stations at this port, conflicting lighterage methods in the harbor, limited trucking service—all these things have been long familiar to railroad officials.

Yet now, in a flood tide of traffic, one would think that every condition were unforeseen, every difficulty a new one!

Has prevision ceased to be a requisite of railroad management?

As regards the future of boxing in this State, Saturday's life-sized bout left the prospect undimmed. Which was the thing chiefly to be desired.

## Hits From Sharp Wits

Most boys would never learn to swim if they waited until their mothers thought them old enough to go in the water.—Macon News.

Many a one-cylinder man rides around in an eight-cylinder automobile.—Boston Transcript.

When a cranky person has a lot of money he gets off with being called eccentric.

A fine appearance helps, but it isn't all that counts.—Toledo Blade.

## Letters From the People

**Commuters, Ahoy!**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I read recently, "There is a deal said each year about the poor shop girl and the Christmas rush. Why not say a word for the poor shipping clerks of the sea and fertilizer houses? Everybody puts off spring shopping till the last minute. Do your garden shopping early!" I would respectfully suggest that an observance of this hint would be of distinct service to the suburban population. If they wait too long to buy their garden seeds, etc., they will not be able to get them promptly, and this will mean a consequent loss to themselves.  
GARDENER.

## A Lesson in Contentment.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In England, when I was young, apprentices in stores got no pay. Their parents supported them. I went into a store to work and I loved the business. I was happy and contented, and always glad I had chosen such work. But I find here, in America, much discontent. I have asked young men in stores who were complaining, "Can you go elsewhere and do better?" They said "No." Then I said, "Learn to be content and work honestly and well for your employer and he will notice it and your time will come. I know it. Take my advice, you must wait your time, so be content." J. B. R.

## Men Who Fail

By J. H. Cassel



*Joe Cassel*

"I take a day off whenever the boss does."

## The Office Force

By Bide Dudley

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"WELL," said Popple, the shipping clerk, as he tossed a newspaper aside and prepared to go to work. "I see that China is a republic again. That means the country is through with kings." "Oh, no it isn't," said Bobbie, the office boy. "Yes, it is. From now on it will have a President." "But there'll still be a king in Peking." "Bobbie thinks that's funny," said Miss Prim, private secretary to Mr. Snooks, the boss. "Pay no attention to him and perhaps he'll spare us the agony of hearing his cheap jokes. By the way, Mr. Popple, doesn't it seem that the Chinese have been doing a lot of talking lately about revolutions and such?" "Yes, quite a lot." "Too much 'chin' in China," suggested Bobbie, entirely unruffled by Miss Prim's denunciation. "Say," came from the blond stenographer, "that's a good one. It took me a few seconds to get it, but I see the point, all right. Bobbie, you're a bright lad."

"Rot!" snapped Miss Prim. "He's about as bright as Hicksville, Iowa, is at midnight." "Now, now," said Spooner, the bookkeeper, in a kindly tone, "we're getting into another rumpus. Let's try to be pleasant. I see by the papers that a mite widow of Greensboro, N. C., has just married a mite millionaire of Boston."

"I wonder about their children," said Miss Prim, ignoring the boy's comment. "What will they be?" "Commuters, probably," said Bobbie. "Well, for goodness sake," the blond sang out. "Doesn't it beat all that kind of jokes? He's got a great sense of humor. Keep it up, Bobbie."

"Not at all," said Spooner, the bookkeeper, in a kindly tone, "we're getting into another rumpus. Let's try to be pleasant. I see by the papers that a mite widow of Greensboro, N. C., has just married a mite millionaire of Boston."

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## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR had finished his breakfast and was reading the morning paper before going downtown, when Mrs. Jarr remarked very sweetly: "I've got a surprise for you, dear."

"How often have I told you not to buy anything for me, my dear? I appreciate these little attentions, of course," Mr. Jarr replied, "but I can't have you darning yourself simply to get me something I don't need."

"Wait till you see it," said Mrs. Jarr. "It will be a surprise for you, but perhaps not a pleasant one. Here it is!" And she handed Mr. Jarr a slip of paper.

"Why, this is the butcher's bill!" said Mr. Jarr. "I thought you attended to all the bills."

"So I do," replied Mrs. Jarr, "at least I try to attend to them, but they also need your attention. You remarked as you sat down to breakfast,

"Is this all you've got? Baked eggs and toast?"

"It's an awful bill!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr, as he gave it a studied glance. "I should say it is an awful bill," said Mrs. Jarr. "Roast beef 32 cents a pound. That one chicken we had yesterday was \$1.45, and everything else so dear."

"We should eat more fish," replied Mr. Jarr.

"Fish? You don't like fish, the children don't care for it, and, besides, it's as dear as meat," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Vegetables?" suggested Mr. Jarr.

"We do have vegetables, and you won't touch them, and they are dear at this time of the year," replied Mrs. Jarr. "And you had eggs this morning and are kicking about them."

"I wasn't kicking. Oh, I didn't object to them," said Mr. Jarr.

"You said, 'Is this all?'"

"Oh, I said, 'Is this all?' but that was before I knew you had toast. Soft boiled eggs and toast are good enough for anybody, and we should be thankful we have a breakfast so good!" replied Mr. Jarr.

"The toast was by your plate," said Mrs. Jarr. "You see, you complain and think I waste the money, and yet if I do try to economize you find fault. The cost of living has just exactly doubled the last few years."

"And my salary hasn't," replied Mr. Jarr. "What are we going to do?"

"It's no wonder that some of those big restaurants had to close," said Mrs. Jarr. "I suppose they had to pay big prices for meats and vegetables and they had to charge accordingly. People wouldn't pay the prices asked and so the places had to close."

"It wasn't that," replied Mr. Jarr. "It was given out that no one could dine there unless in evening dress, and patrons refused to be dictated to. This got to be known and people wouldn't go there. We never went there, I know."

"I would have liked to have dined there, just the same," said Mrs. Jarr. "But by the time we pay for what we eat home we have no money to dine abroad."

"That's so," remarked Mr. Jarr. "Well, I was trying to get a new spring overcoat, but I suppose we'll have to pay the butcher first!" he added. "Here's twenty dollars."

After he was gone Mrs. Jarr telephoned the butcher that he had sent her somebody else's bill by mistake. "I paid you yesterday and have the receipted account," she said.

All that day at the office Mr. Jarr discussed with everybody gloomily on the high cost of living.

## The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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## HOP-FROG; by Edgar Allan Poe.

HOP-FROG was not his name. But it was a title of derision given him by the King because he was a dwarf and so hideously misshapen that he had to hop, instead of walking like other men. Hop-Frog was the King's jester. Which shows the sort of jester the King enjoyed.

Every one at court laughed at Hop-Frog. Every one but Trippetta, a wonderfully pretty and gentle girl, who pitied him. In return for her pity, the poor jester adored her.

The King was planning a masque ball. He bade Hop-Frog to suggest some novel feature for the masquerade. The dwarf's brain did not work nimbly enough along these lines to suit his royal master, and the King flew into a murderous rage against him.

Trippetta interposed to save the luckless jester from punishment. The King, in fury, hurled a goblet of wine at her. As she shrunk back in pain, a sound like the growl of an angry dog broke in on the turmoil of the room. None knew who had uttered this menacing sound. Least of all did any one suspect Hop-Frog.

Next day Hop-Frog atoned for his former stupidity by suggesting to the King a really startling novelty for the masque ball. He proposed that the monarch and seven of his most trusted counselors should disguise themselves as hags and be driven into the crowded ballroom by the jester himself.

The King looked dubious, until the crafty Hop-Frog said: "The beauty of the game lies in the fright it occasions among women. 'Capital!' roared the delighted King. 'Oh, this is exquisite!'"

"The chains," added Hop-Frog, "are to increase the confusion by their jangling. You are supposed to have escaped from your keepers, rushing in with your own chains."

Hop-Frog designed the costumes of tight-fitting and shaggy flax, saturated with tar. The King and his seven counselors donned this garb, and the eight were then fastened in a circle by a strong chain. Thus arrayed they dashed, howling, into the ballroom.

The panic of the guests was a pure joy to His Majesty. The eight chained monsters darted wildly through the throng of scared dancers. But suddenly all eight were brought to a jarring halt. From the ceiling skylight hung a huge chain, to which a chandelier was usually attached. The chandelier had been taken from its hook. And now Hop-Frog deftly caught up the chain that held the eight maskers and fastened it to the hook at the end of the chandelier chain.

At the same moment he sprang upon the latter chain, which began slowly to move upward, drawn by a windlass on the roof, above the open skylight. Up went the chain. Up with it went the eight men. The other guests paid no heed to their yells of terror, thinking it all a part of the game.

Presently the King and his seven counselors were hanging high in the air, Hop-Frog squatting above them on the chandelier chain. While the eight screamed for help, and while the dancers still looked up, laughing, at them, Hop-Frog touched each of the eight with a lighted torch. The tarred flax of their garments burst into flame.

And now, above the cries of the tortured King, arose that fierce dog growl again. From Hop-Frog's throat it issued. Giarling down on the blazing bodies, he snarled:

"Here are a great King and his counselors—a King that did not scruple to strike a defenseless girl, and his seven counselors who abet him. As for myself, I am simply Hop-Frog, the jester. And this is my last jest."

With another growl of hate, he climbed upward to the open skylight and vanished.

They that govern most make the least noise.—SELDEN.

## When a Man's Married

By Dale Drummond

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## CHAPTER XXV.

SEVERAL times it had come to Robert with force that Jane was more discontented than before she had a maid. How was he to know that the time she used to put in doing housework she now idled away envying the clothes and jewels of the women with whom she associated?

To-night he was worried, anxious. He had taken out some insurance a short time before and the premium was due. He had not the money to meet it, and, more, did not know where it was to come from unless, forlorn hope, Jane had saved it. She greeted him by saying:

"I don't understand why you can't get home on time. I'm sure George Lovejoy never keeps Emma waiting. He says you do."

"George Lovejoy came on the same train," he added quietly.

"He probably was doing an errand for Emma. What a smart man! He can see in that empty-handed woman is beyond me. This dinner is stone cold, and it's all your fault! I don't want to see you again. You ought to be sent to bed!"

"I was intending to propose you change your dinner hour to 7 o'clock, which we are so busy at the office, say for the next two months. You found it our busy time of year."

"Half past six is late enough. Any way, Kate wouldn't stay if it were any later. She is awfully disagreeable if you keep the meals waiting."

"Kate won't stand it! I like that! Robert at last spoke angrily. Her I am always at the office to give her the money I need for other things and you tell me she won't STAY any being half an hour late!"

"You know she is a good cook, and that you enjoy your meals better than when I cooked them. And she waits on me just beautifully—when you don't do something to make her cross. It's just your mean selfishness that makes you want to upset all my arrangements just so you can be late for dinner when you choose, and Jane, snubbing audibly, started to leave the table."

"Come, Jane, don't act so silly! Robert tried to soothe, although he was very tired and troubled over his finances. He keenly realized the could not afford to do as they were doing on his salary, and yet he felt he would endure almost anything rather than to constantly quarrel with Jane."

"I'm not silly, and I don't believe you love me any more!" the woman's eyes had replied to man's objections.

"I want you to be sensible, Jane. I do love you, and I realize that house work is hard and annoying to you, this you do not like it. You were angry when I came home and ready to quarrel. I don't want to do that, dear, but can't you realize that I have some rights? You make it very hard for me sometimes. I work hard, am often anxious and worried, and need a peaceful, happy home to come to. I want my wife to be pleasant and companionable instead of being cross and distressed over servants. We can't afford to keep her anyway."

"So that's what all this long speech means. You want me to let Kate go. (To be continued.)"

## Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

MISTAKEN ESTIMATES.

By Fraser Tytler.

THE art of knowing ourselves has been recommended by the moralists of all ages and its attainment indicated with that earnestness which implies both a conviction of its high value and a sense of its difficulty.

In estimating the characters of other men we are often sensible of a great revolution in our opinion. The same person who at one time possessed our approbation or esteem is perhaps become the object of our aversion. The man whom formerly we regarded as of a weak understanding we afterward discover to possess considerable abilities. He whom some unfavorable circumstances have led us to suspect of a deficiency in moral rectitude may afterward on a more intimate acquaintance be found of the most scrupulous integrity. The frequent experience of these errors in judgment will evince to us the folly and danger of an implicit reliance on our own opinions, will instill a salutary distrust of their foundation, and a conviction of the perverting influences of our ruling passions and prejudices. And this is no inconsiderable advance in the science of self-knowledge.

In the perusal of history or of the more limited pictures which biography presents to us there is no reader who does not take a warm

Interest in everything that regards truly deserving character; who do not feel a sensible pleasure in those instances where the benevolent purposes of such a person have been attended with success or his virtuous actions followed by reward. This approbation paid to virtue is a tribute of the heart, which is given with ease, which is bestowed even with pleasure.

But in life itself it is unhappy found that virtue has not the same success. The man whose actions are followed by reward, this approbation of the dead we slightly regard in our intercourse with the living. The jealousy of a competitor is an insuperable obstacle to esteem. But the competition of the dead we have no jealousy.

The effect of this change in our opinions in substantiating, if I may so say, our defects is never so perceptible as when we compare the man who was well known to us, a character when alive with that which we now entertain of him. His excellences and defects are now more partially esteemed. On the former the memory dwells with peculiar satisfaction, and the latter with less pleasure in bestowing its tribute of approbation. On the latter we kind throw the veil of charitable allowance.

We find apologies for another in the weakness of our own nature and in the error of the individual, the imperfection of the species.